

Gallipolis Journal.

WM. H. NASH, Proprietor.]

Volume XXXV.

"Truth and Justice."

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, FEBRUARY 24, 1870.

\$2 00 In Advance

Number 15.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.
HENKING,
ALLEMONG & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS
AND
Commission Merchants,
—DEALERS IN—
Produce, Provisions,
and Liquors.
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Manufacturer's Agents

RIFLE & BLASTING POWDER,
Clifton Iron and Nail Co.,
HURT'S CELEBRATED VIRGINIA TOBACCO.
Jan. 7, 1869.

GROCERY AND BAKERY
GREAT CHANGE!
NEW GROCERY, BAKERY,
AND CONFECTIONERY!
Cor. 2d and Locust Sts.

PHILIP WEIMER,
HAYING removed to the old and well-known stand on the corner of Second and Locust Streets, lately occupied by Green & Bass, is now better than ever prepared to accommodate the public in his line. The public are respectfully invited to call. Sept. 9, 1869.

NEWS DEPOT.
RAPHAEL CEIPHEY
BOOK AGENT,
—AND DEALER IN—
CINCINNATI Dailies, Weekly and Monthly Periodicals, School Books, Stationery and Notions.
SECOND STREET, ABOVE STATE,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Oct. 1, 1868.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored.
JUST published, a new edition of
DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY
on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Mental and Physical Debility, Impediment to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance. Price, in a sealed envelope, only 5 cents. The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically. This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of six cents, or two postal notes. Also, Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents. Address the Publisher, CHAS. J. O'KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 546, Nov. 11, 1869.

GROCERIES.
Change of Front!
Groceries, Provisions, etc.
A. W. LANGLEY,
Has removed to the corner of SECOND and SPRUCE STREETS, near the new Woolen Factory, where they will be found with a large stock of Groceries, Provisions, &c. CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST. Call and see us. Nov. 18, 1869.

NURSERY.
GALLIPOLIS NURSERY,
Established in 1854!

OFFERS for the Spring trade of 1870, a large stock of
Fruit and Ornamental Trees.
Evergreens, Shrubs, Grape Vines, Orange, for Hedges. An immense stock of Currants, Gooseberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Rhubarb or Wine Plant, Asparagus Roots, Roses, Gladioluses, Dahlias and Green House Plants.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Send for Catalogue of Prices, gratis. Address C. N. PALMER & SONS, Dec. 9, 1869.—3m

FOR SALE.
City Property for Sale.

A DESIRABLE dwelling house of five rooms, cellar, cistern, good stable, and other out buildings, situated on Fourth Street, near Newcom's Mill. For particulars, enquire of JAMES MEKLE, on the premises. If not sold by the 1st of April, it will be for rent. Dec. 9, 1869.—3m.

Dyes! Dyes!
Logwood,
Madder,
Indigo,
Cudbear,
Blue Vitriol,
Alum, &c.
For sale at Sanna's Drug Store. April 12, '66.—4f.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
BAILEY & RIDENOUR,
MANUFACTURERS OF A WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS, CAPS,
LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS,
COURT ST., BET. SECOND AND THIRD,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Jan. 21, 1869.

BOOTS,
J. J. MAXON,
—DEALER IN—
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,
Leather, &c., &c.
1st DOOR BELOW SHOOK'S JEWELRY STORE,
Public Square,
Gallipolis, Ohio.
'S J V H
DRUGS, ETC.

PAINTS, PAINTS!
White Lead,
Lined Oil,
Spirits Turpentine,
Benzine,
Varnish,
Paint Brushes,
Window Glass,
&c., &c.
For sale at Sanna's Drug Store.
April 12, '66.—4f.

IMPORTANT!
COLORS in Oil, Common White Lead, Dry White Lead, Whiting, Venetian Red, Lamp Black, Ochres, Snow White French Zinc, Vermillions, Glazes, Lined Oil—Raw and Boiled, &c., &c. Wholesale and Retail.
RATHBURN & DROUILLARD,
Feb. 11, 1869.

FINE PERFUMERY,
HANDKERCHIEF EXTRACTS,
Fine Hair Oils,
COLOGNES,
POMADES,
Toilet Soaps,
Tooth Soaps,
And a large and general assortment of fine
TOILET ARTICLES.
At very low prices.
RATHBURN & DROUILLARD,
Feb. 11, 1869.

DRY GOODS, &c.
The Old Stand-by.
I HAVE this day returned with a new and complete stock of
Dry Goods,
Clothing,
Notions, and
Fancy Goods.
—ALSO—
Hats,
Caps,
Shoes,
Boots.

FINE ASSORTMENT OF FURS, &c., &c., consisting of the best materials manufactured in this country, and imported from abroad, which I offer to all, who wish to buy cheap, serviceable goods, at the lowest figure west of the mountains. I hope, by the experience of a long residence in Gallipolis, to give satisfaction to all who may patronize me. Thanking my former patrons I solicit a continuance of their trade, with the confidence of giving satisfaction in both quality and price. Come, see, examine, and price for yourselves.

JOSEPH EMSHEIMER,
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Gallipolis, Ohio.
Nov. 4, 1869.

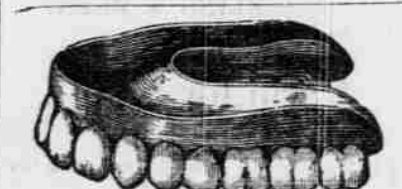
BILLIARDS.
REMOVAL!

THE undersigned has removed his BILLIARD SALOON to new quarters—at the
DUFOUR HOUSE,
and has opened there a
FIRST-CLASS BAR and BILLIARD SALOON.
Fine Tables, the best of Liquors, Cigars, &c., to be found—always.
HENRY HOUSE.
April 22, 1869.

Sugars
OF ALL KINDS—
D. S. FORD.
Jan. 30, '69.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
NORTHUP & SMITH,
Merchant Tailors,
AND DEALERS IN
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
HATS, CAPS, &c.
COURT ST., BET. SECOND AND THIRD,
Gallipolis, Ohio.
Clothing Made to Order, in Latest Styles. Feb. 18, 1869.

DENTISTRY.
DR. J. A. VAN VLECK,
DENTIST.
OFFICE—OVER BAILEY & HAYWARD'S DRUG STORE.
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Treats all diseases of the Mouth and Gums. May 28, 1868.



DR. D. W. CLANCEY.
NITROUS OXID AND OTHER ANESTHETICS used in
Extracting Teeth,
and all operations in DENTAL SURGERY, when their use is indicated.
Prices Reduced for Artificial Teeth on Rubber. 177 Gall and see.
Office—Public Square, two doors from Bailey & Maguire's Drug Store.
March 4, 1869.

SADDLES, ETC.
H. R. BELL,
MANUFACTURER AND
DEALER IN
SADDLES
Harness, Trunks, Collars,
Hames, Trace-chains,
CURRY-COMBS, HORSE-BRUSHES, &c.
COURT STREET,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
March 11, 1869.—4f.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.
JAS. VANDEN & SONS
MANUFACTURERS
AND DEALERS IN
WAGONS AND CARRIAGES,
HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES,
SHAFTS, POLES, BOWS,
WHEELS, PLOW HANDLES, &c.
IRON STEEL, NAILS, SPRINGS, AXLES,
CARRIAGE BOLTS, AXLE CLIPS,
THIMBLE SKINS, WAGON BOXES, &c.
2d St., above Public Square,
GALLIPOLIS.
May 13, 1869.

PHYSICIANS.
Drs. Livesay & Needham,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
OFFICE—AT RESIDENCE, ON FRONT STREET.
Feb. 3, 1870.

WM. S. NEWTON, M. D.,
Attends Calls in the City
AT ALL HOURS.
Particular Attention given to Surgery.
OFFICE—IN POST-OFFICE.
Gallipolis, Nov. 7, 1867.

J. C. RATHBURN, M. D.,
Offers his Services to the citizens of Gallipolis and vicinity.
OFFICE—At Drug Store of RATHBURN & DROUILLARD.
Residence—One door below Academy.
Dec. 3, 1868.—4f.

BUILDERS.
T. S. & H. N. FORD,
ARCHITECTS
AND
BUILDERS.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Doors, Sash, Blinds,
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,
Mouldings, etc., etc.
ALSO, DEALERS IN
OF ALL KINDS.

Having now a Large Stock of SEASONED LUMBER on hand, we are prepared to fill all orders with which we are favored, promptly and at Lowest Prices.
T. S. & H. N. FORD.
Factory and Lumber-Yard—Foot of Third Street.
Jan. 30, 1868.

MILLINERY.
J. HOWELL,
Dealer in Straw, and Silk Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Silks, and
MILLINERY GOODS.
COURT-STREET, between 2d and 3d Streets
N. B. Hats and Bonnets Bleached, Pressed, Lined and Trimmed etc. (Oct. 31, 1867).

Miss A. HILL,
CONTINUES THE
MILLINERY AND DRESS
MAKING BUSINESS at
CREUZET'S CORNER,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
May 6, 1869.—4f.

DRESS MAKING
AND
MILLINERY,
Mrs. JENNIE LOWRY,
PUBLIC SQUARE,
(UPPER SIDE),
"NEAR DUFOUR HOUSE."

A FULL line of Goods in both branches will always be kept on hand.
The public are cordially invited to call.
Oct. 21, 1869.

MILLINERY.
Misses LASLEY & SISSON,
(Successors to M. E. BRYAN.)
SECOND ST., ABOVE PUBLIC SQUARE
Have just received a new and well selected stock of FALL and WINTER

MILLINERY!
THE UP-STAIRS MILLINERY STORE.
Misses Andrews & Lasley,
IN THEIR NEW ROOMS:
CORNER OF STATE AND SECOND STS.,
(UP STAIRS.)

Have just received a full line of New
Fall and Winter Goods,
embracing the latest and most fashionable styles of
Millinery, Dress Trimmings, Fancy
White Trimmings, Lace and Lin-
en Collars and Cuffs, Kid
Gloves, Zephyrs, Che-
mises, Canvas,
etc., etc.
We are prepared to give particular attention to STRAW WORK, BLEACHING and PRESSING, or Coloring Drab, Brown and Black.
Orders solicited and promptly and carefully filled.
Dec. 3, 1869.

Removal.
MRS. H. SELFIDGE, having fitted up the rooms in the second story of the DROUILLARD Block, Court Street, will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of
MILLINERY GOODS.
Bleaching and Pressing done to order.
Feb. 3, 1870.

ATTORNEY.
T. W. HAMPTON,
Attorney at Law,
Having opened an office in Gallipolis, O., offering his professional services to Banks, Banking Houses, Merchants, Mechanics and Farmers. Deeds carefully examined. Titles searched with dispatch and with care, and abstracts of title furnished to any lands in the United States; and taxes paid on same. Will draw up and execute all legal documents. Collections made promptly.
OFFICE—IN THE COURT-HOUSE.
Nov. 25, 1869.

HOTEL.
DUFOUR HOUSE,
Gallipolis, Ohio.

THE undersigned has leased the DUFOUR HOUSE, formerly occupied by James E. Richardson. This House is situated at the upper end of the Public Landing Front Street. The House has been thoroughly renovated, and supplied with new Furniture, &c., so that it is now second to none on the River. Mr. DUNN, being one of our old Hotel-keepers, will give his personal attention to the business and promises his friends, and the public generally, every accommodation they can desire.
JOHN DUNN,
Proprietor.
Jan. 13, 1870.

THE TWO VALENTINES.

A Trick of Dan Cupid's.

Dan Cupid sat in his easy chair, mending his pen with his silver air; 'Twas Valentine's Eve, and nearly night, And he still had a lot of 72s to write. So he snatched his pen and scratched his head, Then suddenly starting, "Come in!" he said, In a doubtful tone, for he thought he heard A tap at the door, but was not quite sure; It might be the wing of a passing bird, Or the pane, or the snap of the furniture, (He had thought it cheap as a poet's sale, And poet's effects are apt to be frail); But the door was opened and in there tripped A sudden, bright-eyed and rosy-tipped, Who said, with a prettily pleasing whine, "Dear Cupid, do write me a Valentine!" Dan Cupid smiled at the maiden's plea, For a rat-tat-tat he had never heard before, "For Harry of course," he quoth he, "As the stole a look in the mantle-glass, "Do you love him?" "Love him of course I do, But I never intend to tell him so; "Tis mine to listen, and his to love; And, alas! he says never a word, you know; But I'll give him my love in a Valentine, And leave him to guess if the gift is mine." Dan Cupid thought for a minute or so, Then over the paper his quick pen flew, Until, "There, my dear, do you think that'll do?" He asked, as he gave her the tiny sheet. "Oh!" cried the maiden, "Dear Cupid, it's sweet! Oh, what shall I give you, you love, for this?" "The price," quoth Dan Cupid, "is just one kiss!" With a coy little blush the price was paid, And off to the post tripped the happy maid.

"Aha!" cried Dan, as he snatched his lips, And blew a kiss from his finger tips, "Go your ways forthwith, for a pretty dear; Your Harry's a craven swain, I fear, If he doesn't—Hullo! whom have we here?" For a rat-tat-tat he had never heard before, And a handsome youth flung wide the door, Who, stopping a moment to breathe and smile, Cried, "Cupid, good fellow, I've run a mile To give you this Valentine, and now I say, You must write me a Valentine at once!" "Must I?" quoth Cupid, "Pray, who are you And whom must this billet be written to?" "Oh, Harry's my name; but never mind me, Dan the Valentine is to Kitty, you see, To what other girl could it possibly be?" "Ah! then you love Kitty?" "I love her more Than e'er mortal maiden was loved before; For the very something she has happened to me, In short, for my life, I can't quite find out (As Harry loves me in return, and so (As I haven't the cheek to speak out, you know) I'm resolved at least to offer her my love, In the name, style of a Valentine." While Harry was talking, his Cupid wrote And folded a fragrant, tinted note, Then with a twinkle in his eye, "There's the best I can do for you now; good-bye!" "But the price?" No question, I'm sure, is dear— Quoth Cupid, "We'll settle the bill next year!" And, closing the door with a graceful grace, He laughed till the tears ran down his face: For why? With the single change of name These two notes had written were just the same!

"Here's a curious riddle!" young Harry cried, As he stood next morning by Kitty's side: "I posted a Valentine yesterday To a maiden I know, and, by George, I received a return; a curious one, I think, A perfect fac-simile, save the name!" "Indeed!" cried Miss Kitty, "Oh, pray let me see!" For the very something she has happened to me, He looked in her eyes for a moment's space, And the blush grew deep on her bright young face— Into what happened next neither you nor I Have any particular business to pry; But Cupid, my rogue, is perfectly clear That his bill will be settled before next year. [Harry's Bazaar.]

How He Came to be Married.
It may be funny, but I've done it—I've a rib and back. Shadowy departed—oyster stales, brandy cocktails, cigar-boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, and demijohns—Shadows present—hoop skirts, hand-boxes, ribbons, garters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, sugar-tarts, paragonic, hives, syrups, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills, and doctor's bills. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always a free lance, most tea-tearful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; 'twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for I was behind a fence, looking through a knot-hole. I could not look long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I started away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break, so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door-post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself in bed.

"Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till you're tired, give out!" And cudgeling down under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft-shell crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap!" again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of gals outside. Then Lib's voice, "Are you there?" "Yes," says I. "Then came a roar of laughter. "Let us in," said she. "I won't," said I; "can't you let a fellow alone?" "Are you asleep?" says she. "I am," says I. "Get out," says she. "I won't," says I. Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled. "Get out, you petticoated scare-crow!" cried I. "Can't you get a bean without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with one of you—I won't, so you may clear out!" And throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said: "Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are there. Oh, mercy! what a pickle! Think of me, in bed, all covered with muffs, shawls, bonnets, and clocks, and girls outside the door!"

In! If I had stopped to think I would have panicked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons in a hurry. Smash went millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls were peep—peep—and the way I tumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself among the women. "Oh, my leghorn!" cried one. "My dear, darling winter velvet!" cried another; and they pitched in—pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal, her name was—put her arms right around my neck, and kissed me on the lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got the taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Caesar to the Fourth of July. "Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?" "Yes, I will," said I. I did it, and had another smack at the gate.

After that we took a kinder turtle dove to each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other. 'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day, the sun was setting behind a distant hen-roost, the bullfrogs were commencing their evening songs, and pollywogs, in their native mud-puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night, and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back-log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs; and now and then the music of a jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks, and heavily laden with the delicious odors of hen-roosts and pig-sties. The last lingering rays of the setting sun glancing from the buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot-hole in a bog pen, full in Sal's face, dyeing her hair an orange peel hue, showing off my thread-bare coat to bad advantage; one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back; she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue; she was almost gone, and I was almost dying. She looked like a grass-hopper dying with the hiccup, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a cold-fish ball. "Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as a dying swan, "will you have me?" She raised her eyes heavenward, and clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind-staggers, and the company and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we went through the hall. We was just entering the parlor door, when down I came kerslap on the oil-cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cussed fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimere, right under my coat-tail. It was too late to back out; so clapping my hand over it, we marched in and were spliced, and taking a seat I waited the kissing the bride operation. My groomsmen was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh, horror! a little six-year old imp had crawled behind me and pulled my shirt through my pants, and pinned it to a chair, so that when I jumped up I displayed to the astonished multitude a tripe more vulgar than the man's. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there my troubles ended. Good-night.

DRINKING HEALTHS.—A correspondent in speaking of the absurd custom of drinking healths, says, with a good deal of force: "How in the name of common sense and reason, do I show an affection and regard for my friend by pouring into my own stomach that which oppresses and distresses nature, and which nature does not want? Or what sense is there in my drinking his health while I am destroying my own? Drinking his health! Why the very words are silly upon the face of them, if a man will stop to face to consider their meaning. How can I possibly drink another man's health? I may wish his health, or I may pray for his health; but that has no rational connection with my drinking. I might as well dance his health, or whistle his health, for any real connection between the means and the end."

The Philadelphia Ledger acclaims the idea which some timid persons have come to entertain, that the country is on the eve of bankruptcy in trade. It says: "Trade, for the last half year has not shown that bustle which we have sometimes witnessed, and many articles of profit are certainly lower. But inquiry among us indicates that the markets have been moderately active in nearly all commercial departments, and that the aggregate amount of business in the channels of legitimate trade is now probably as large as usual at this stage of the season, but there is much less speculative animation, and prices of most descriptions of merchandise show a decline from the earlier rates."

A school visitor lately gave a teacher the following sentence to spell: "Robert Wright, the beautiful writer of Whitwell, down in Torrington, claims the exclusive right to write the rites and ceremonies of his church, and has secured a copyright for his writings; but Henry Wright, the writing-master, also writes those rites; now is it honorable for the Right right to write the rites of the right-handed wheel?"

A NEW DRINK.—Glycerine Cocktail is the name of a new drink, just invented, which is a good thing, if not abused. Should a policeman chase you, all you have to do is to fall heavily on the sidewalk. Concussion explodes glycerine and kills policemen. What becomes of the holder of the cocktail is not stated. He probably bursts, laughing to see policeman go to pieces. In-

Melancholy Tragedy.

It becomes our duty, this morning, to narrate the particulars of one of the most awful suicides that has occurred in this vicinity for a considerable length of time. Last Thursday the steamer Maggie Hays, on her way from New Orleans to Memphis, exploded one of her boilers, just below Helena, Ark. Capt. Barney C. Martin, the captain of the boat, was badly scalded, and died in a few moments on board the steamer Commercial, to which boat he was conveyed after the accident. His body was sent to this city by rail, arrived here yesterday, and was forwarded by the steamer R. K. Hudson to Sistersville, West Virginia, for interment. Captain Martin was married several years ago to Miss Sallie Limestone, of this city, and lived with his wife's family, on Water street, below Plum. The marriage was a secret one, and had never been made public. When the news of the Captain's terrible death reached his wife, she swooned, and has ever since been very much dejected.

When the body reached this city, Mrs. Martin begged permission of her husband's brothers to see the corpse. The request was finally granted, and when she gazed upon the loved features now cold in death, she remarked to the brothers, in a significant tone, "I will never trouble you again." The steamer Mary Ament left for the river country two or three hours in advance of the R. K. Hudson, and upon this boat Mrs. Martin engaged passage for New Richmond, Ohio. As she went on board she remarked to the Captain that she would not long be separated from her husband. In her conversation with him she seemed very despondent, and frequently inquired when the Hudson, which was a faster boat, would overtake them. When they arrived at New Richmond the Hudson had not come up, and she then paid her fare to Bristol. Presently it was noticed that the door of her state-room was standing open. On examination her clothing was found lying on the floor, but she was nowhere to be found. It seems certain that the unfortunate woman, distracted with grief at the loss of her husband, waited until the Hudson came alongside, and then, when the remains of her beloved were nearest her, plunged into the Ohio and hurried her grief beneath the dark waters. Mr. Limestone has been very unfortunate of late. The husband of his eldest daughter was accidentally shot and killed, at Springfield, Ohio, about six weeks ago. A few days ago another son-in-law was killed, and as if to crown his sorrows, the daughter herself has now committed suicide. These calamities occurring in such quick succession, have completely prostrated him.—*Cin. Gazette, Feb. 17th.*

Home Sick.
Mr. Joseph Powell, Commercial Agent of the United States at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, writes home as follows:

"You may be aware that this is the last sailing point next to the South Pole. Beyond this no vessel ever sails, and human footsteps are never seen. It is perpetual winter—snow every month in the year. The islands are made of tree and bush, and very little soil—high mountains and hills of volcanic rock over nine-tenths of the surface. Nothing of the grain kind is raised—no seed time or harvest. There are no animals, except wild horses and cattle. Foxes and rabbits have been brought here and increased—much larger than those in the United States. No snakes, frogs, fleas, spiders, beetles, or insects of any kind. The wind blows all the time—often so strong that you can not look out. The population, all told, does not exceed three hundred on all the islands, and are very poor. This is only a harbor for wrecks. Expenses are very high, and living poor—no comforts of life whatever. Board and lodging, annually, five hundred and twenty dollars. I'll come home the first opportunity. I am distant from New York twelve thousand miles by sea; my voyage to my post of duty occupied one hundred and five days. I am thirty days' sail from Rio de Janeiro, 2,500 miles beyond Chili and Peru, and six hundred miles off Cape Horn."

New York has a horse that recently performed a curious feat. He walked out of the stable and pushing open the door of his owner's house, began quickly to ascend the stairs. After first reaching, some twelve steps, his horsemanship quickly gazed out of the windows and continued his ascent to the second story. There again he paused to take breath, and soon arrived at the landing of the third story, where, after resting awhile, he began to descend, having managed to turn around on the narrow landing. Going down, however, was more difficult than going up, and his feet slipping he went through the sash of the second story window, thrusting his head and shoulders out and presenting a very contented appearance. At this juncture an alarm was raised. A colored man was so frightened at the apparition that he made the best of his way through another second story window and fell to the ground. The police having been sent for, they succeeded in extricating the horse from the window, but had a terrific time after taking him into custody in getting him down the two flights of stairs.

A BENTON county, Indiana, farmer who discovered that his wife was unfaithful, gave her \$50 and told her to "git." She got.

The wife's inability to make good bread is a ground of divorce among the Arabs.

The laziest man does all his reading in Autumn, because the season turns the leaves.

A Boy that Became a Gentleman.

"You see I am a gentleman," said Will Thompson. "I will not take an insult!" And the little fellow strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and he thought his anger proved him to be a gentleman. "If you want to be a gentleman, I should think you would be a gentle boy first," said his teacher. "Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think he is much more likely to prove a gentleman." "But he's got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad pantaloons don't keep a boy from being a gentleman," said the teacher, "but bad temper does. Now, William, if you want to be a gentleman, you must be a gentle boy. A little further on, the teacher met little Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them. "Well, Peter, what's the matter between you and Will this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and it missed him and hit Will Thompson's dog." "Why did you not throw back?" "Because sir, my mother says, to be a gentleman, I must be a gentle boy; and I thought it was best to keep out of his way till he cooled off a little." The teacher walked on, after praising Peter's conduct, but kept the boys in his mind, and lived to see Will Thompson a rowdy, and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all.

The Sorrows of Tammany.
There is fresh trouble in the ranks of the N. Y. Democracy. Some of the leaders have come to the conclusion that it is extremely desirable to take the advice we have more than once given them, and get rid of the corruption which the government of this City has long been to the whole party. It is not too much to say that the flagrant corruption and profligacy exhibited in New York have made the Democratic party a by-word all the world over. It has injured it almost irreparably in the eyes of the great body of the American people. Nothing can be more national than for thoughtful persons to say, "We can judge what a Democratic rule would lead us to from the condition of New York. The Democrats are the masters of that city, and see what they have made of it. There is no mystery with regard to the fruit which comes from that tree. We have only to look to New York city to see it in perfection." The city is, in fact, a standing warning to the nation against permitting itself to fall into the hands of the Democrats. The example makes a greater impression upon the public mind than all the argument or invective of political adversaries.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

RUINED.—A bankrupt merchant returning home one night said to his noble wife, "My dear, I am ruined, every thing we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said: "Will he sell you? Oh, no. Will the sheriff sell me? Oh, no. Will the sheriff sell all the children? Oh, no. Then do not say we have lost every thing. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, and childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune, if our hearts and hands are left us."

A farmer of Medina county, the other day, killed eleven full grown skunks at one time, and it was not a good day for skunks either. They were all in a hollow log, and he belted them on the head as fast as they ran out. The skins netted him several dollars. He don't say what become of the perfumery.

A doctor's wife once attempted to move him with tears. "Ann," said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and that's all."

Miss Prim being present one evening, in company, when a naval officer was describing how he had been compelled to "hug the shore," got up and left the room in the most intense disgust.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made, and forgot to put a soul into.

There is a man living in Indiana who has read every President's Message, as well as those of the Governors of all the States for thirty years. He has no other bad habits, and is regarded as a very decent man, with the exception of this incurable lunacy.

"Mother," said Jimmie, "Sam wants to come courting me to-night." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Oh, I told him he might come. I felt anxious to see how he would act."

Fashionable young ladies—like letters—require stamps, or the males reject them.

A Benton county, Indiana, farmer who discovered that his wife was unfaithful, gave her \$50 and told her to "git." She got.

The wife's inability to make good bread is a ground of divorce among the Arabs.

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